





"holy women" who were much with Christ, received baptism in this way, his religion kept the door of his lips, and prevented him from uttering against it the charge of being unbecomingly or unseemly for persons of either sex, or any rank. Harsh epithets and insinuations against one's motives do not require much research. As for myself, if I had written on this subject for mere party ends, I should own that I had committed a great sin, and without repentance I should expect to meet the frown of my Judge in the final day. Let me but be convinced that our Saviour in his last command to his disciples did not enjoin "any particular way" of applying water in the initiatory rite which he appointed, and it would cost me no sacrifice openly to avow my belief. For in taking my position as a Baptist, I did not yield to the prejudice of education, or the current of sympathy, or the prevailing custom, but was "driven in spirit" to do so from the light of truth and the dictates of conscience. Seeing Christ's command to be explicit, I saw that it was at my peril to disobey, since he had said, "he that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings." Acknowledged as it is on all hands that baptism is an initiatory ordinance, that it precedes communion, just as an oath of office precedes all the acts peculiar to it, I perceived that it was no bigotry in any church to insist on the connection. The great question before me was this: What does the command of Christ mean? During the third year of my course in college, I spent days and nights in the investigation of it. If at any time a plausible argument against immersion made a temporary impression, the simple study of the Bible would erase it, till at last I was constrained to differ from a circle of most endeared associates, some of whom are now in heaven and some in heaven, and to go forth in baptism, "following the Lord fully," saying "thy word giveth light, and thy law is the truth."

## CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1842.

### Communication.

To the Editor of the Christian Reflector.

DEAR SIR,—I perceive the Reflector announces my name again in the Ex. Com. of the A. B. S. Convention. Had I been present at the meeting I would have declined the appointment, unless my objection had been removed. As it is, I must solicit the same medium of signifying my wish to be excused, lest my name in its present connection might have little influence in sanctioning what I now consider only injudicious movements both for the abolition of slavery and heathenism.

The Convention, instead of adhering to the original design of aiding "in the speedy and peaceful abolition of slavery," seem to have entered the field of foreign missions. And, as this is likely to be its distinctive character, I am hardly prepared to co-operate, without a material change of views. Since I hold no office in any of the general Boards, and have never been charged with apologizing for slavery, none of course will doubt my sincerity. That I may, however, be induced, whether I am or not, to do so, is another matter.

1. The present organization for foreign missions—the Triennial Convention—is not in any just sense pro-slavery. Its constitution does not require its members to defend slavery or to espouse abolition. If it has been used for that purpose, it is only by perversion, which admits of an easy remedy.

2. The present Board came into being by a popular vote—usually so—which every member had equal liberty to control personally and mediately. If enough abolition voters were not on the ground to elect the men of their choice, or if they did not, by their votes or otherwise, disclaim all sanction of slavery while co-operating on missions with slaveholders, surely the fault was—not that of the persons elected!

3. This Board have not to my knowledge abused their trust, either by neglecting their appropriate work, or by devoting themselves to any other, foreign to the object of their election; and if they had, I am not sure whether by destroying the offices to get rid of the men, difficulties would not be encountered in a second and a third organization.

4. Nor have I learned that the previous Board—embracing some of the present members—did, as such, regard the business to which they were elected. If they did immediately sanction evils in this country, as real and painful as what they would remove from heathen lands, I ought to have sought their individual repentance, or in case of failure, their individual exception at the last election.

Much has been said of a "compromise," to exclude abolitionists from the Board. This may have been attempted, and if I knew it was and by whom, I would consent that they be no longer stewards. But without tangible and positive proof of their guilt, I am bound to hold them innocent. Before placing their heads on the block, we surely ought to know the reasons.

The recent address however of the Convention disclaims this idea as a reason for the new organization. "Be it for ever remembered, that it is not because several highly esteemed men, who sympathize with this Convention, have not been re-elected to their seats in the Foreign Mission Board, &c." It is "wholly irrespective of local difficulties and personal griefs." What then? "Because the Board—toward whom, as individuals, we cherish not the least unkind feeling, have professed to be neutral, where there is and can be no neutrality." Here too I need light. Had their fault been of individual neutrality, it would have been an objection to their appointment to a work, where sympathy for suffering millions is a first qualification. But, as a Board, I must confess my inability to see how they could operate upon American slavery directly or indirectly without additional instructions from their employers. If there be defect in the constitution of the Convention, by embracing only Foreign Missions, let it be supplied; but should the Board venture without authority upon other reforms than that for which they were appointed, it is uncertain for what our contributions would be expended, and whether not for some objects in our judgment unequalled.

Against Home Mission, Bible, Publication and other societies confined to this country, against Foreign Missions least of all. And yet the address denies "neutrality." They have indirectly cast their influence in favor of retain-

ing slavery in the fellowship of the churches, and implicitly censured those who do not and cannot fellowship it—thereby in effect sustaining the abhorrent institution itself." If so, it is a grievous fault, and grievously they ought to answer for it, at the next triennial convention. But before I can cast a very heavy stone, I will need the proof. Can it be furnished?

5. This will be only the beginning of new organizations and "provisionary committees." Consistency will require, and with much more reason, a separation from all other general associations. This indeed is intimated by the address, in the remark—"The Board of kindred institutions are deliberately sending their agents to solicit without reproach the gains of unpaid labor."

Nor will this division be precisely that of Mason and Dixon's line. It must run through every association and every church in the free States, creating new offices, new magazines, new competition between agents, new strife about "measures," in every existing benevolent society. Further, after refusing all money from "slaveholders and apologists" for slavery—granting the latter term can be defined—for benevolent operations, the wedge is only entered. For tuition in our colleges, newspapers, books, every thing, must either be furnished gratis to the South, or denied altogether. The same policy must be pursued towards all "apologists," North and South. Here causes for separation will thicken at every step, and "Alps on Alps arise."

Now for all this organizing, and all the time and money and health and paper it will expend, and all the responsibilities growing out of it to the heathen and ourselves, I must confess myself not ready till I sit longer and count the cost. If truth and righteousness absolutely require it, of course the campaign must be begun and regularly carried through at all hazards. But really it is desirable, if possible, to find a more excellent way.

6. It is not clear but the present Board ought, if faithful to their trust, to receive the countenance and support of all who did not withdraw from the Convention before the meeting in Baltimore, until the next election. I have however serious views of duty towards the missionaries already in the field by my virtual sanction. With several of them I am personally acquainted, and know them to be good men and true. When they descended into the well, they recognized me among others in the curb, with the express understanding that we would not let go the rope, without giving them at least means of return. Since they have got fairly at work, I cannot in conscience and humanity violate that pledge without some premonition. I have tried to apply the case to myself and judge by the golden rule. Were I employed by the Home Mission Society in the Far West, or even by a church in New England, and prematurely dismissed because of some difficulties among themselves, I doubt whether I could acquit them of blame. Even in the most favorable circumstances for new employ, a minister would consider it not the kindest treatment, after setting down with his family, arranging his plans for years, and beginning to work to advantage, to be cast suddenly from his place, though the objection of his employers were to himself and not each other. How it must be in the case of the missionary may easily be imagined.

I will only add that these objections, felt no doubt also by others, for not serving the Convention under its present aspects, are subject to reply, if needed. But until I can prevail on some one to undertake the task, I shall probably retain them.

I would hope however that others might duly consider them before they would send any feeble tie of an external nature which bind us denominationally together. But as many as are of one mind, and feel that they cannot co-operate on missions with those who do not, their contributions, if, as represented, these obstacles have caused a stagnation in the channel, being now removed, of course they will cause a flood-tide. But only let us, as Cecil says, "do something, do it, do it," and have action and results as well as measures. For the laborers, in the great perishing harvest of heathen, to be contending at the threshold about ways and means, seems too much like the man who, on discovering a mine just suspended by a tree, forbade his companion to cut him down till he ascertained what the law said in such a case. There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed, and our time and labor will be short. Before the next Triennial Convention, many of us will be called to our account. Our next Convention will be at the judgment with the heathen to whom we are all so sadly neglecting the greatest of all duties. O let us duly consider, and double, quadruple our contributions and prayers, and begin now, lest never.

S. B. S.  
Worcester, June 5.

The A. S. Convention, and the Cause of Missions.

There is much truth and some poetry (if poetry is ever synonymous with imagination) in the above communication from Mr. Swain, which is cheerfully accepted, and which, we are well aware, will be read by hundreds with the deepest interest. Presuming it will call forth replies from correspondents, we shall not give rose leaves to our Pegasus, but endeavor to keep him in a gentle mood and within prescribed limits. The danger of going "too fast and too far" is frequently made apparent in this "age of steam." We think the very article before us bids us be wary, though we respect the motives and know very well the characteristic prudence of the brother from whom it came.

We doubt not the reasons, given by Mr. S. for declining the office to which he refers, are both satisfactory to himself, and deserving of consideration by the Convention which elected him. But we are entirely mistaken when reference to the purpose of the brethren composing that body, if, in their associate capacity, they are yet aiming at any other object, than the "speedy and peaceful abolition of slavery." What they have done relative to Foreign Missions, has not been designed as the end of their organization, or as expressing its "distinctive character," but simply as one of the means, by which they could attain the end. They constitute a portion of that large body of Christians in the Northern States, who do not wish to be claimed or accounted as the supporters of slavery, under any aspect or by any relation whatever. They had indubitable testimony that, whatever was the real fact the impression prevailed, both at the South and the North, that the members of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions were required, and had submitted, for the sake of satisfying slaveholders and retaining for the Board Southern patronage, to be recognized as hostile to the movements of abolitionists. Thus the influence of that Board and the influence of all who sustained it, seemed to be given against anti-slavery action, and in support of slavery. They felt that they could not act in full con-

currence with the Board under these circumstances, and yet they could not sacrifice their missionary spirit to their anti-slavery feeling; for they regarded both objects as paramount; and in neglecting one, they were incurring the charge, not only of indifference to that, but of insincerity concerning the other. They saw, too, among the thousands who sympathize with them as abolitionists, many declining to do anything for the heathen, on the ground of an unwillingness to mingle their contributions for so holy a cause with "the price of blood." What then have they done? It would seem, from the language of our correspondent, that they had changed as a society their "distinctive character"—laid aside their original plans, and entered on an arena of conflict with all the other benevolent societies of the denomination. If this be a fact, then the Christian Reflector is not their "fitting organ." We disclaim all sympathy with such doings or purposes. We have not entered on our public career, to waste energy and ink in long tirades, or random hits, against all associations, however good, whose managers are not abolitionists. Our aim is to exhibit the wrong of oppression, the claims of humanity, and the requirements of religion, so as to bring the candid and benevolent on every hand to sympathize and co-operate with us, in our efforts to aid in the "speedy and peaceful abolition of slavery." And until instructed otherwise, we shall claim this to be the object of the A. B. S. Convention.

But we ask again, what have the members of that Convention now done? Simply this—they have appointed a Committee to take care of their funds, and appropriate them as designated—a provisional committee, to serve only so long as there shall be occasion for their services. When abolitionists shall wish no longer to commit money to their trust, their office will cease. The Convention has committed this monstrous offence; we plead guilty in its behalf. And we leave the question of its condemnation with perfect composure, to all the unprejudiced and enlightened of the world—ready to abide the verdict.

We haven't time, nor did we design, to go into an examination of all the various matters set forth in the above communication. We will however say, that we coincide fully with the writer in his "reasons," 1st, 2d, and 3d. Certainly the constitution of our Foreign Missionary organization does not require its members to defend slavery or eschew abolition; neither are the members of the Board to be blamed for having been chosen by the Convention; neither have they neglected, as we are aware, their appropriate work. It is true, farther, as stated under the 4th head, that as a Board, they cannot operate upon American slavery, having received no instructions to that effect. But that these facts condemn the course pursued by the A. S. Convention, that we may now expect, as stated under the 5th head, the establishment of new and rival societies for every benevolent object we sustain—are statements, in which we think there is something very much like poetry.

Again, we are unable to see how, by the appointment of that Provisional Committee, the rope on which they hang, who have descended into the well, is being "let go." The object of the Convention, in that act, was just the reverse. They saw their brethren thus letting go the rope, and to check the wrong—to take away every excuse for not fulfilling the pledge which, as a denomination, we had virtually made, they adopted this measure. Neither (will our correspondent permit us to add) do we see the consistency of warning the people against sundering "the only feeble tie that binds them together," while at the same time they attempted to do this—and at the same time congratulating those for whom the provision is made, on the arrangement, and exhorting them to pour their contributions, immediately and abundantly, into the newly opened channel. However, this last appeal is so important, and so timely, we will not be hypercritical; with this we are highly pleased, and it will heartily respond. It is in this light alone that the friends of missions and foes to slavery should look upon the act of the Convention. This is the use for which it was designed—not to embarrass missionary operations, neither to convert the A. S. Convention into a Missionary Board, deserting the standard which it raised at first, but to relieve the missionary cause of its embarrassments, and make it possible for abolitionists to do all in their power for a dying world, without seeming to violate, in any way, their anti-slavery principles. Now, the provision being made, why not let every man choose his channel of communication, contenting ourselves—at least until the next meeting of the Convention—with the pleasing consciousness that the incubus of slavery does not, necessarily, lie on the cause of foreign missions?

Some persons seem to suppose that our object is, not so much to advance a good cause, as to crush the influence of those who decline to act in concert with us. They think that to put down certain prominent men, and undermine the institutions with which they are identified, is the object for which we live and labor. But a more false impression was never cherished or conveyed. If, as asserted, there are abolitionists possessed of this spirit and purpose, they are not of the party which we represent. We are no more allied to them than we are to slaveholders. Our hostility is cherished and the weapons of our warfare are directed against slavery, as a great crying sin, whose abolition from the land is a consummation devoutly to be wished and earnestly to be pursued. If we prefer to hurl their javelins at the reputation and influence of brethren and allies in other departments of benevolent action, to kindle a strife and carry on a war with missionary boards, education societies, &c. et cetera, they may do it; we are not interested in any such enterprise. The objects, to whose importance our attention has been aroused, and for which we are ready to give our energies and influence, differ as widely from these, as from the purposes of the Pope of Rome. Let it then be understood, that if any charge us with harboring such designs and aiming at such results, they accuse us falsely. We do abominate slavery, and feel conscience-bound to bear our testimony, without reserve or qualification, against it; but slaveholders we pity; and our brethren at the North we love. That some of them disagree with us on subjects of moment, and express great regret that we should give our influence to such a cause, and even rebuke us for what we say, does not induce us to love them the less. We only look upon them as affected by prejudices, which we pray and expect they will ere long overcome. As for denouncing them as hypocrites, men full of moral obliquity, and utterly unworthy of confidence as almoners or teachers—we shall never do it, unless in

their character, or our own, there is an entire transformation.

We have written longer than we designed, and yet we have not said all that it has been in our heart to say. We shall refer to these questions of duty again; and shall soon be able, we think, to satisfy all, with whom the emancipation and elevation of the slave is an ultimate object, that we stand on solid ground, and occupy a defensible position. The question with us is not, what will please this party or that—these men or those—but, what course do truth, justice, humanity, and fidelity to brethren and to the Saviour, require us to pursue? and the decisions, to which the consideration of this question will lead us, are the decisions which will govern us in our onward course.

### Every thing is serious about us.

Verification (in part) of a passage from St. Francis Walsingham, Secretary to Queen Elizabeth.

God is serious, while from us  
He withholdeth righteous doom;  
Christ is serious, who the curse  
Took upon him in our room.  
Holy Spirit, serious thou,  
Art in thy continued strife  
With the rebel, lest to law—  
With the dead that hatch life.  
Serious are the Scriptures to us,  
Showing us the depths of sin;  
Showing grace that can renew us,  
Grace that shines deep within.  
Serious are the bread and wine;  
Serious are the land and sea;  
Wash me, Lord, and make me white!  
Feast my soul on food divine!  
Serious is the life before me,  
Showing up as mine to be;  
Apathy, that often o'er me  
Comes, rebellion, when I feel  
Serious is time to war, to  
Strive against the world and sin;  
And to bear unshaken cheer,  
And to each, while few may hear.  
Serious is no joyous night,  
And, sublimely, kiss the rod;  
And to walk, approved, in sight  
Of myself, and man, and God.  
Serious scenes hill to climb,  
And to borrow fancy's wings;  
Serious are the things of time,  
Serious are eternal things.  
Serious is the wide creation,  
All above, about, below;  
Heaven, in song of self salvation,  
Hell, in wail of bitter woe.  
How can I slumber here?  
Empty, airy, as the chaff?  
Worlds are waiting, Lord, thy day—  
Is it now a time to laugh!  
Rather will I gird my loins  
Steadily, to the painful race;  
And, though forth, to the goal,  
Set my eye, unflinching face.  
Serious may the conflict be,  
But I shall not shrink away;  
Won't I shall the tongue, whose  
Whispered promise is my life.

W. R. TAPPAN.

### Biographical Notice and Revival Intelligence.

MR. EDITOR,—Pursuant to the request of friends, it is proposed to occupy your columns with the following account of our lamented brother, REV. CHARLES H. PEABODY, of Randolph. The article is substantially an extract from the sermon preached on the occasion of his funeral, from Acts 11:24, "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people were added unto the Lord."

CHARLES HOBART PEABODY, son of John Peabody, was born in that part of Amherst, N. H., which is now called Mount Vernon, on the twelfth of June, 1770. He died on the twenty-first day of April, 1842, aged 72 years and 10 months.

He was left an orphan, by the death of his father, at the early age of four years. He was born and educated among the Orthodox Congregationalists; and his worthy mother, being a member of that church, was sprinkled in the name of the Holy Trinity at the age of about six, of seven years—an incident in his history, which he used to say he could well remember. He resided in different sections of his native State until he was twenty-five years old; when, on the 30th of June, 1824, he was married to Miss GRACE STONE, of Rindge. From that time he was engaged in active business, for several years in Rockingham, Vt., until he relinquished it about the beginning of 1832. History of great moment respecting his religious history has come to our knowledge, except that he was the subject of occasional, though not very permanent serious impressions, until, January, 1830, then he was hopefully converted, and subsequently baptized on profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the Baptist Church in Rockingham. By that church he was licensed to preach the gospel, and in order to qualify himself for that arduous and responsible calling, he closed his business and removed with his family to Newton, where he prosecuted his studies successfully for about five years. In the fall of 1836 he accepted a call from the Baptist church in West Sutton to become his pastor. He was ordained on the 23d of November of that year.

During the period of three years in which he labored with the church in S. the seal of the divine approbation was set upon his ministry, and an increasing revival of religion was enjoyed among his people. About 30 persons were added to the church. Near the close of 1839 he commenced his labors in Randolph. There he was emphatically a working man. His great solicitude and his great effort were to promote the spiritual good of that people. The proposed length of this article forbids the notice of particulars in reference to this portion of our brother's history. After passing over a period of more than two years from the time of his settlement in Randolph, we come to notice his closing labors and his final conflict. The last sermon that he ever preached was on the evening of the 5th of April, in the town of Canton, from Mat. 7:24-27.

His last public address was on the day of our annual State Fair, to a portion of his own congregation in their morning social service. He had appointed to preach to them in the afternoon of the same day, but was unable to leave his house, and never went out afterwards. A combination of diseases effected the work of his dissolution. His sickness was rather distressing, than acutely painful; was rather lingering, than very severe. Most of the time he was blessed with the use of his reason, and then always resigned to the will of God.

The last time the writer saw him, though unable to converse except in a whisper, he spoke freely of the scenes in which we had mingled during the past winter, and of his feelings in prospect of leaving all the associations of earth. He alluded to a remark he had often made, which was in substance, that if any sacrifice he could make, though it were even life itself, was required under God to

promote the revival among his people, he would cheerfully give it. "And," said he, "I see no cause now for expressing a different sentiment." His only anxiety to live seemed to be, that he might be instrumental in gathering in the remaining fruits of the revival. If he could baptize, and welcome to the church, the last of the dear company of converts for whom his soul had travelled, he could say indeed, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" He however seemed to feel the sentiment of the prayer, "Thy will be done." For a few days before his death, he conversed but little. About the last intelligible remark he was heard to make, was to his companion a few hours before he died. Calling her to his bedside he said, "I am like the fruitless fig-tree, but the righteousness of another will secure a favor with God!" After this he opened his eyes in a sleep from which he never woke, till his spirit, disembodied, soared away to its kindred world!

Of the character of our departed brother, the text quoted at the commencement of this article, is in the judgment, not only of the writer, but of his numerous friends and parishioners, a correct description.

I suggested concerning him three remarks. 1. "He was a good man." This prominent trait in his character was illustrated in three particulars. 1. His natural amiableness of disposition. In every relation he sustained in life, from the most private and intimate to the most public and sacred, he was a kind and amiable friend and brother. 2. His personal piety. He was a decided Christian. His religion was personal, experimental, heartfelt, practical. It was not a Sunday dress, or a pulpit robe, but a permanent, every day, living, active principle in his soul. 3. His benevolence. He devoted his life, his property and his all, to the interests of the cause of Christ. And he felt for the world. He often expressed a willingness to devote even his only son to the work of a missionary. That son he was permitted to baptize a few weeks before his death. Heaven grant that the mantle of his departed father may fall upon him!

2. The text suggested the remark that the piety of our brother was of an extraordinary character. He was full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Especially was this true of him the last year of his life. Early in last summer he began to feel deeply for the salvation of his people. And from that time till his death, his spirit never seemed to rest. His whole soul was absorbed in his great work. He never appeared too much fatigued to labor willingly or to pray fervently. And he expected the revival, after it commenced, would go on. He was full of faith. Often when the hearts of some pastors would have sunk within them, he would say he had as much evidence that the revival was progressing as at any time since it commenced. He abounded in labor, in piety, in faith, in prayer.

3. The text suggested the remark that he was a successful minister. This was mentioned rather as the result or consequence of the other prominent traits in his character. Much people were added unto the Lord.

A very brief notice of the revival enjoyed by the people of our dear brother's late charge will best illustrate this remark. Sometime last fall, the first indications of a gracious work were seen among the members of the church, and particularly in the unusual engagement of the pastor. The work became apparent about the close of the year. About the middle of January they commenced holding meetings regularly both day and evening, and continued with but little interruption nearly two months. Crowds attended the meetings. The work was peculiarly quiet and orderly, yet powerful conversions occurred almost daily, and often quite a number indulged hope in a single day. The preaching, except on the Sabbath, was done mostly by neighboring ministers. The pastor however frequently preached during the week, and always three times on the Lord's day.

As the fruits of the revival, our lamented brother baptized seventy-five persons, of almost all ages, from more than seventy down to about eight years. Many of the converts were members of the Sabbath school. Those seasons of baptism were peculiarly delightful. A very convenient place was prepared for the purpose. The weather in nearly every instance was remarkably fine for winter, and the number baptized at one time never exceeded about seventeen. So that the wise and candid will judge for themselves of the correctness of the rumor, which has been currently and widely circulated, that our dear brother came to his death by his imprudence in going into the water! Since the death of the pastor, twenty-three persons have been baptized and united with the church, making in all nearly one hundred souls. Besides these a large number have been hopefully converted, and many of them will undoubtedly unite with that, and some with other evangelical churches. The character of the conversions and the department of the converts generally, show, as far as such as all the friends of Christ desire.

In the midst of this glorious work our beloved brother was summoned to his long home. He died on the field of battle, having on at the moment "the whole armor of God." In the language of the brother who officiated his funeral prayer, "Never did a warrior fall more gloriously, never did a soldier retire from the conflict with richer laurels!"

Of the character of Dr. Peabody as a preacher, we will only say that his sermons, if not marked by great eloquence of manner, were uniformly instructive, affectionate, and practical. As a pastor he excelled. He was wise, discreet and conciliating, yet firm and faithful. He lived respected and beloved, he died lamented and honored. The deep-felt sorrow, depicted on all faces at his funeral, bespoke the feelings of an affectionate people. All were mourners on that most solemn occasion.

But the stroke fell most heavily, of course, on his own beloved and bereaved family. He left a wife, one son and one daughter. They felt the stroke as no others could. But the Lord does, and we trust will, sustain them. The church in R., and particularly the converts of the revival, feel that their loss is in many respects irreparable. Our prayer is that the event may be sanctified to that dear people and to the church in general; but especially to the sorrowing ministry. May we who remain, double our diligence, and see that our work be done, and well done, when the Master shall come and call for us. C.

Rev. Mr. Smith, of Stoughton.

THE REV. JAMES MARSH, D. D., Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont, died at Burlington, on the 26th inst.

### A humble Instrument of abasing Pride.

MR. EDITOR.—As I know you take pleasure in giving instances in which God in his own way abases the pride of man, I send you a specimen of the kind which was related to the Rev. Mr. Brantly by a friend, and published several years since in the Christian Index, of which paper Mr. Brantly was then the editor. Yours respectfully, SELECTOR.

A worthy minister of the Gospel, in one of the N. E. States, was in the habit of inviting any of his lay brethren, who might feel impelled by a sense of solemn duty, to exhibit or pray, or to perform any other religious acts which might to them seem proper, at the close of the preaching. It accordingly became a common practice, for some one or other of the members of the church to engage in exhortation or prayer, in the conclusion of the service. Among those who seemed anxious to take a part on such occasions, was a rough, uncouth sort of a lad, who would seldom permit an opportunity to pass, without ministering some word of admonition to the people. And at ordinary times the forwardness of the chap produced no particular inconvenience. He was, therefore, generally permitted to go through his regular labors. On one occasion when the minister rose to preach, he saw in the meeting several very genteel looking strangers, who had turned in to hear his sermon, and appeared to be prepared to give him their regular help. At the moment that it would be a fine opportunity for him to make a powerful impression upon the hearts of these strangers; and prepared his mind for one of his best efforts. Still he was apprehensive that if he began to preach, he would not be able to do so, for a glimpse to exhort at the end of the service, he might frustrate all the benefit of his sermon; and he was therefore exceedingly anxious to close, and dismiss his regular hearers. But this could not be done; for the boy was watching his opportunity, and as soon as the preacher had finished, he commenced, and continued for some time his speech, to the no small mortification of the good minister. In the lapse of some time, this same preacher was traveling at a distance from home, when he met a very interesting stranger, who appeared instantly to recognize him. The stranger approached and cordially saluted him, after which the following conversation took place. "Did I not have the pleasure of hearing you preach at —, in the State of —, on a certain day, when there were several strangers of us present?" "Minister, I was preaching there at that time, and continue still to exercise my ministry in that place." "Stranger, I shall have reason to remember that day, not only in time, but in eternity, for it pleased the Lord to send an arrow in my heart which left me uneasy and wretched, until I found peace in Christ."

"Minister, I desire to be very thankful to God, that he was pleased to make my public ministry on that occasion, the means of doing good to you, and I shall ever desire to be humble before him, for such honor put upon me." "Stranger, My friend, it is true, that the Lord has made me as I trust one of his jewels; I shall therefore be careful to grow in that day, but in the crown of that boy, who exalted when you had done. The Lord made use of that boy to convert my soul."

R. I. Baptist State Convention.

We have received the Minutes of the 17th anniversary of this Convention, held at Providence, April 13th. We learn from the report that during the past year appropriations have been made to the following places; Bristol, Lonsdale, Cumberland Hill, Natick and vicinity, Richmond and vicinity, Charlestown, Meeting St. Providence, Lime Rock, Hopkington, Fiskeville, and Diamond Hill, Cumberland. In nearly all these places revivals of religion have been enjoyed. The number, who have been converted through the divine blessing upon the labors of the faithful and devoted pastors, is larger than in any other year of its history. Two new churches have been constituted, one at Brand's Iron Works, which now numbers forty, and one at Ipsitt and Phenix, which now numbers one hundred and fourteen.

From extracts of reports from the different stations we glean the following facts. To the church in Bristol, 28 have been added by baptism, a large proportion of whom are males. The revival has prevailed in all the churches of that town, and they have all received persons into their membership by immersion. The pastors of the Episcopal, the Congregational and the Methodist church, have each assembled their flocks at the water side, and in accordance with apostolic usage, have buried their candidates with Christ in baptism.

In Lonsdale they are erecting a new meeting-house, and have received 17 by baptism. A new church has been formed at Cumberland Hill, and Dr. H. G. Steward has been ordained its pastor. They have frequent additions. Twenty-eight have joined the church in Natick. Br. J. H. Baker has preached in East Greenwich, Pawtucket, Fruit Hill, Fiskeville, Coventry, and many other places, in all which he has seen the work of the Lord revived, and many souls hopefully converted to God. More than fifty have been baptized by Dr. Byram, at Valley Falls; and a most precious revival has been enjoyed at Wickford, under the labors of Br. Stone. About 70 have been received into the church at Westbury.

The following is a list of the officers of the Convention for the ensuing year.

REV. JOHN DOWLING, President.  
REV. FRANCIS WATLAND, D. D., Vice President.  
REV. ALEXIS CASWELL, D. D., Secretary.  
REV. DAVID BENEDICT, Treasurer.

Managers: Rev. Messrs. S. Spaulding, A. G. Palmer, J. H. Baker, Joseph Smith, B. P. Byram, E. K. Fuller, J. R. Stone, T. Wilks, T. Leaver, F. Smith, S. Bradford, A. Kenyon, G. N. Waite, and Br. H. Harbort, P. W. Miller, S. G. Benedict, Stillman Welch, P. W. Martin, O. M. Stillman and John R. Burrows. Auditors, James Boyce and H. Marchant.

### To the Pastors of Baptist Churches.

The New England Sabbath School Union has for its object to provide suitable books for Sabbath School Libraries, and to promote the general interest of Sabbath Schools. Its publishing operations are entirely disconnected with the various local Unions. All the books published or offered for sale are carefully examined by a Committee of the Board, so that those who purchase may feel assured that they purchase nothing which is objectionable either in a literary or a religious point of view. On this account the Depository has claims upon the denomination which no ordinary book establishment can present.

The demand for our books far exceeds the ability of the Union to supply, with the limited capital it now employs, even were that capital all its own, which unfortunately it is not the case. In addition to this, most urgent calls have recently been made from the West, for assistance in supplying destitute schools there.

This we would gladly do, had we the means; but at present those calls must remain unsatisfied.

The Board feel that, under such circumstances, they are justified in once more calling upon the churches for aid. It is now at least three years since any call has been made for this very important object; and indeed, many of the churches have never yet had the subject presented to them.

Fortunately, too, the Board is at this time able to make an arrangement with Rev. James E. Welch, Agent of the American Sunday School Union, in such a manner that a very small proportion of the funds collected will be absorbed in defraying expenses, and they will be of mutual and reciprocal advantage to the Union, the American Sabbath School Union, and to destitute schools in the West.

His entire devotion to the cause and wants of Sabbath Schools for fourteen years, in every quarter of our land, enable him to present information, and give him a claim to respect which no other man can present, and which must ensure him a welcome wherever he appears. We cordially commend him, and we claim that he will find ready access to every pulpit where he may present himself, and that his claims will be candidly heard and liberally met.

In behalf of the Board,  
J. B. JONES, Pres't.  
H. S. WASHBURN, Sec.

### Baptist Publication Society.

ORIGIN AND PLAN OF THE SOCIETY.

The American Baptist Publication and Sabbath School Society was formed out of the Old Baptist General Tract Society, by a convention of the Baptist denomination through the United States, held in Oliver Street Church, New York, April 29th, 1838. The convention originated from an invitation of the Hudson River Association at its session in June, 1838, was composed of all the brethren who were present at the anniversary that season. The "Circular" addressed to the denomination throughout the United States, over the signature of C. G. Sommers, of New York, B. T. Webb, of Albany, and B. M. Hill, of Troy, was appointed by the Association, solicited the brethren to "come prepared to deliberate on the propriety of forming a Society, for the publication of such literature, as the wants of the denomination, and the cause of the Redeemer, might demand."

Rev. J. E. Welch, of New Jersey, was called to the chair, and Rev. A. D. Gillette, of Philadelphia, chosen Secretary.

A committee of one from each State, representing the denomination, was appointed to be seated in the Convention, the expediency of forming a General Baptist Publication Society.

This committee was composed of the following brethren: one from each State represented in the Convention—E. R. Warren, Maine; G. B. Smith, New Hampshire; J. W. Sawyer, Vermont; E. Thresher, Massachusetts; M. M. Dean, Rhode Island; A. Parker, Connecticut; C. G. Sommers, New York; M. J. Rhee, New Jersey; G. B. Ide, Pennsylvania; J. G. Carlow, Delaware; G. F. Adams, Maryland; J. L. Taylor, Virginia; G. B. Biney, Georgia; J. B. Walker, Kentucky; J. Mallory, Michigan; B. Cook, Louisiana; G. Bartlett, Illinois; to which the chairman, J. E. Welch, was added.

This arrangement of the committee, shows that a general representation of the denomination was present, and that their interests in all parts of the Union were consulted.

The committee on the next day reported, and after much deliberation the Convention adopted the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That this Convention regard it as desirable, that the Baptist General Tract Society, so far as change in its character, as to adapt it to the purposes of a General Publication Society.

Resolved, That this Convention deem it advisable that the Union be formed between this Society and the New England Sabbath School Union.

Resolved, That a sub-committee be appointed, to prepare a Constitution to present to the Convention, to be formed by the Baptists to the purposes of a General Publication Society.

This Committee was composed of brethren C. G. Sommers, M. J. Rhee, and J. B. Taylor.

Next morning the Constitution reported by the Committee was adopted, and the Society duly organized. I will give only the first article as expressing the name, objects and general plan of the Society.

"Art. 1. The name of this Society shall be the American Baptist Publication and Sunday School Society. Its object shall be to publish







## Poetry.

### The Mother's Hope.

BY LAMAR BLANCHARD.

Heaven lies close to us in infancy—Wordsworth.

In the happy summer-time—

When the raptur'd air is ringing

With earth's music heavenward springing.

Forest-chirp, and village-chime!

Is there, of the sounds that float

Minglingly, a single note

Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,

As the laughter of a child?

Listen and be now delighted.

Morn hath touched her golden strings;

Earth and sky their voices plighted;

Life and life are reunited.

Amid countless carollings:

Yet, delicious as they are,

There's a sound that's sweeter far—

More than all—the human voice!

Organ, flier deeper, clearer,

Though it be a stranger's tone;

Than the winds or waters dearer,

More enchanting to the hearer,

For it answers his own.

But of all its witching words,

Sweeter than the songs of birds,

Those are sweetest, bubbling up

Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,

Haunted strains from rivulets,

Hum of bees among the flowers,

Rustling leaves, and silver showers,

These, ere-long, the ear forgets.

But in mine there is a sound,

Ringing on the whole year round;

Heart-deep laughter that I hear,

Ever my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,

Fondlier formed to catch the strain—

Ere of one whose love is surer;

Hers, the mother, the endurer

Of the deepest bliss of pain;

Hers the deepest bliss, to treasure

Memories of that cry of pleasure;

Hours to hoard, a lifetime after,

Echoes of that infant-laugh.

Yes; a mother's large affection

Hears with a mysterious sense

Breathings that evade detection,

Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,

Thrill that with her power intense

Childhood's hidden tones untaught

Hiveth aye, in loving thought;

Tones that never depart heart

For she listens—with her heart!

### My Birthday.

Thou'rt waking holy memories

Of friends departed now,

Who smiled on my first natal day,

Without a shade of woe.

It seemeth but a shadowy dream,

With here and there a spot

Of sunshine, such as e'er will beam

Upon the darkest lot.

I am not friendless, or alone,

My mother's love doth come

In the deep, solemn hush of night,

As in my early home.

I cannot tell what form she wears,

For it is many a year,

Since I saw her silently

In death-sleep on the bier.

We laid her in a sunny glen,

Where blue-eyed violets bloom,

With wild winds for her requiem,

And stars to watch her tomb.

And Eden's incense winds are not

More sweet than those which waft

The trees around that holy spot,

My sainted mother's grave.

Ere in her deep and haunting thirst

For realms of brighter day,

Her soul in fulfilment hath burst

The chains that bound its way.

She told me of the Eternal One,

And the high songs that swell

In glory, through heaven's starry dome,

Where all the holy dwell.

And now she wears a glittering crown,

In that celestial home.

And times a golden lyre to praise

The High and Holy One.

But though the blessed wreath of love

That bound us here in life,

She looks upon me from above,

And still our hearts are one.

And other friends I have, but they

Are far away from me.

One dwelleth in the western vale,

Beneath the cedar tree.

There's many a mountain range between,

And river rolling fast.

But the same heaven is o'er us both—

Shall we meet there at last?

And in the sunny South dwells one

Who hath forgotten me.

But the looks and voice of thy home,

Come they not back to thee?

And doth thy heart not long to see

Thy Northern home again?

Where murmur, with deep melody,

The waters of Champlain.

And thou, my father, thou hast been

As kind a friend and true.

In sunshine and in shadowed hours,

As daughter ever knew.

When time's dark blot is on thy power,

And on thy brow his lines,

O be it mine to cheer that hour,

As thou hast long blessed mine.

These thrilling birth-day dreams, they come

Like music on a lyre,

Whose strings are broken, and whose tones

Have lost their glowing fire.

Yet it is well that added thought

Hath still a place with mirth,

That hours may never be forgot

Amid the joy of earth.

YOUTH'S MEDALLION.

### Exhibition of the Blind.

This exhibition, at New York, was full of

interest. We find the following notice of it

in a New York paper.

The pupils occupied the platform, Dr. Cox

presiding. The Band, composed of eight

young men entirely blind, performed the

Overture of La Bayadere in a highly scientific

and masterly manner, and the teacher of the

boys rose to examine them in respect to the

meaning of Astronomy, and required them to

explain what was meant by the Solar System

—what was the diameter of light—the diam-

eter of the sun, &c. To all these questions

which would have amazed many other pupils

with the advantage of sight. A young man

named Robert Elder then performed variations

on the piano-forte, and an albumen boy,

with hair perfectly white, was brought out to

read, which he did by feeling with two fin-

gers the raised or embossed letters in a tes-

tament, printed for the use of the blind. Af-

ter him there were three other boys brought

out to read, who astonished the audience by

the facility. One of them read that touching

Jesus healing the blind man, which created a

great sensation among the audience. After

this, an interesting girl named Ann Smith was

seated at the piano, who she played, and

sung a song composed by Mrs. Embury, en-

titled

"They tell me Spring is coming."

to music composed by Mr. Rief, the instructor

of the pupils in the institution, and another

girl, about 20 years of age, named Frances J.

Crosby, recited the following piece of poetry,

which was composed by herself for the oc-

casions, within a very few hours of her know-

ing that the exhibition was to take place.

How lonely and sad is the sightless one's lot,  
Who dwells in seclusion, neglected, forgot,  
Unloved, uncherished, no gentle one's lot!  
To listen her cheek with sweet sympathy's tear!

While fond hearts round her best lightly and gay,  
In silent devotion her hours drag away,  
The little notes of gladness oft burst on her ear,  
They come not her grief-stricken bosom to cheer!

Or if, when the curtain of midnight is drawn,  
And the faint light of evening is faded and gone,  
A mother's hand o'er her head she has laid,  
And under her anguish a pang yet more deep.

And must she still linger thus shrouded in gloom?  
No ray of light her dark path to illumine?  
Oh, no! that the love that is faithful and true,  
The light of instruction hath power to cheer.

Bright visions of happiness flash o'er her now,  
And the deep words of sorrow are fled from her brow;  
A smile of contentment now glows on her face,  
For the power of the eye is restored.

Your eyes with weeping emotions can view  
The calm evening sky in its mantle of blue;  
See, mentally traces every orb as it lies  
In its course through the boundless expanse of the skies.

She reads, with new vigor, each woodland and glen;  
Where oft to brood over words she hath been—  
While, touched by her fingers, the harp, soft and clear,  
With musical sweetness now gladdens the ear.

Then think not unhappy—though sightless—the hand—  
Deplore not their lot! A magnificent hand,  
With blessing the children, our pathway hath strewn!  
Neglected, around us no longer we roam!

Kind friends are around us—they soften our woes,  
And point to the source whence pure happiness flows:  
We taste the delights of education here,  
And look from this world to a brighter in Heaven!

The recital of this poem, in the clear sweet

voice of the sightless girl who composed it,

sounded like the sweet tone of a bell, in the

death-like stillness that reigned around, and

drew tears from the eye of every listener. 'Twas

indeed a beautiful and interesting sight, when

the sun, glancing out from behind a cloud,

sent down his declining rays upon that spell-

bound audience; to see them with their fea-

tures beaming with sympathy, and their eyes

streaming with tears—their attitude betraying

the most intense anxiety to catch every word

that fell from her lips. She concluded, and

was led to her seat amid thundering applause,

repeated and repeated again.

### Robert Hall and Dr. Chalmers.

To compare Mr. Hall with another

splendid genius of our age, Dr. Chalmers,

is a difficult, and perhaps an invidious

task. They are both most highly gifted

and most powerful men, raised up for

and qualified for the church of Christ; but

they are very different in their character

of mind. As to the use of the English

language and purity of composition, Mr.

Hall, the most elegant writer of the day,

stands confessedly superior to Dr. Chal-

mers, whose corruptions, neglects, inven-

tions, and bad taste, make his finest

discourses at times unintelligible. But

this is an introductory and very inferior

point. As to power of mind, I should

think Mr. Chalmers the more daring and

vigorous, and Mr. Hall the more delicate

and acute reasoner. Dr. Chalmers is

bold; Mr. Hall beautiful. Dr. Chalmers

seizes one idea, which he expands by

amplification and reiteration through a

discourse; Mr. Hall combines and works

up a variety of arguments in support of

his topic; never loses sight of his point;

touches every subject briefly, and with

exquisite taste; and leaves an impres-

sion upon the mind more soft, more

pleasing, but perhaps not much less

powerful, than his great contemporary.

Dr. Chalmers gives only one or two pro-

jecting truths, and leaves his subject

confessedly incomplete. His sermons

are composed of many separate thoughts,

slightly linked to one another: and like

the reaches in the majestic course of the

Rhine, which succeed each other by

breaks, and expand upon the eye with

extraordinary beauty when you enter

them, but are succeeded by a narrow flow

of the stream at each interval, his ser-

mons are a succession of bold and mag-

nificent truths, wrought out with strength,

and then left by the preacher, that he may

press on to the next mighty idea. Mr.

Hall's sermons are a beautiful whole,

less daring in the general parts, but more

closely connected; coming on the mind

with great conviction, and expanding his

one important subject at once before the

view; as the wide and fair lakes of Swit-

zerland spread their varied, and com-

plete, and connected beauties before the

eye of the spectator. Chalmers, in short,

is more impassioned, Mr. Hall more

sublime; the one declaims, the other

argues; the first storms the mind, the

second charms it and unfolds all its

sympathies. Dr. Chalmers is adapted for

the popular ear. His bold and reiterated

statements, his overwhelming tide of

words, his projecting and striking im-

agery, his small number of distinct

thoughts enforced in various different

forms, all make him the preacher for the

crowded popular auditor. Mr. Hall is

the preacher for the scholar, the student,

the metaphysician, the man of elegant

education, the fastidious, proud despiser

of spiritual religion, the pretender to a

philosophy not thoroughly fathomed. His

master mind, his acute insight into the

very inmost soul, his candor towards his

opponents, his infinite reverence for Holy

Scripture, his cautious, conclusive argu-

mentation, his delicate and sublime

bursts of imagery, his superiority to

party feelings and interests, insure the

attention and fix the conviction of every

competent and unprejudiced hearer.

As to usefulness, the palm must be

conceded, for the present age, to Dr.

Chalmers; he is more bold, more deci-

sive, more capable of frequent effort,

more ready to commit his unfinished

compositions to the press, more negligent

of the minutiae which fetter Mr. Hall,

and limit his efforts, and have left him

after fifty years of public life, the author

of far fewer works, and those works,

of less extent, and less general impor-

tance, than Dr. Chalmers has pro-

duced in one fourth portion of that time.

In the next age it is possible that Mr.

Hall's publications may fetch up the way

he appears to have lost in the present.

All his practical writings will live, and

exercise a powerful sway over the public

mind, when many of Dr. Chalmers may

have done their work and been forgotten.

Had Mr. Hall more of the bold and in-

terpreting character of Dr. Chalmers; would

he write with less anxiety and refinement;

would he devote himself to the prosecution

of some great national topic, touch-

ing the interests of morals and religion;

would he disregard more his own feelings,

in order to do good to a transitory world;

there is nothing which he might not be

capable of effecting under God's blessing;

for no man of the present age has gained

the ear, and fixed the love and admiration

of his countrymen more than Robert Hall.

Br. Wilson.

**Sketch of a Sailor's Life.**

Related to an agent of the Liverpool Seamen's Friend Socy.

"I am a miracle of mercy. Were I

to trace my past life, and lay it before

you, it would surprise you. I had a re-

ligious education; but being a thought-

less boy, my mind ran upon the sea.

About the age of fourteen, when my

parents thought of putting me to some

trade, I left home, and parents, and en-

gaged myself as a sea-boy, from Sunder-

land. My first voyage was to the North-

ern Colonies. In this ship I date my

first introduction to sin; the master and

all hands were sinners—great sinners.

Master cursing, men cursing, I soon

learned to do as others did. When at

the foreign port, I added to my other sins,

the sin of drunkenness. Thus I contin-

ued, a beast among men; and as for my

soul, that was never thought of. One

day, being on the Pierhead, when some

vessels were going out, a Captain asked

me, if I wanted a ship? and if I was a

sailor? I answered with an oath, 'Yes';

and 'if he wanted a man I was ready to

go.' He said something about my swear-

ing, but I did not mind that. He said,

'Where is your kit?' I informed him,

'I had all I was worth about me.' 'Jump

into the boat, and be off; we will rig you

out,' said he. When we got on board

his vessel, then lying-to in the river, and

the boat sent off, he turned to me and

said, 'My man, we allow no swearing on

board this ship, it is a temperance ship;

you may have what clothing you want;

do your duty, and you may make your

self comfortable.' He turned away; I

curled him. The mate who was near,

looked at me, and said, 'You must not

swear on board this vessel. Here, go

up aloft, and unfurl that sail.' 'Well,'

thought I, 'I am in a pretty trap; no

swearing, and no grog!' However,

being a good seaman, I turned to, and

worked away until dinner was called.

When down I came. My shipmates were

cheerful and merry, and one addressed

me about something,—with an oath I

answered him. 'Halloo,' says he, 'no

swearing on board this ship. This put

my pipe out. 'Well,' thought I, 'if this

is my fortune, I am done for.' How-

ever, all passed on until evening, when

I was given to understand, my master

mustered all hands to prayer. This beat

all. At that moment came to my recol-

lection, the evenings I had spent at home

in my youthful days, when my dear father

mustered us all at evening to pray. It

burst my hardened heart. I shed tears,

and ashamed was I to go down. One

of the men seeing me wipe my eyes, with-

master to me, 'Fear not, go down with me;

prayer will pray for you, you need it.'

I went down, and the men all stood, when

the master gave out a hymn. This cut

me again; for I was a hymn I learned

when a boy. I cried again; thought of

home. The master read a short psalm

and prayed: the man prayed who took

me down; and he prayed for me. Home,

home, was in all I wept, and said,

Amen. When we came up, I said to

the man, 'My heart is broke; what must

I do? what must I do?' 'Do,' said he,

'go nothing but throw off the devil, and

go to the Lord Jesus Christ as you are,

and cast yourself upon him who died to

save you. Fear not, you'll find peace.'

'Ah sir,' said he, addressing my Secre-

tary, 'many days was I in deep trouble,

and continued so until I came to this

room, when it pleased God to show me

there was mercy for me; and now I am

rejoice in God my Saviour. Happy am I

to relate what the Lord has done for me;

truly the Lord is good, and his mercy is

over all his works.' "

**The Forlorn Hope.**

The following forcible illustration was

used by Elder Knapp in a farewell ser-

mon:

Some years ago there was a vessel

stranded on the shores of Scotland, and

as she was tossing and heaving in the

howling tempest, and becoming a perfect

wreck, hundreds of people collected on

the beach, gazing upon the noble ship as

she was heaved and tossed by the roar-

ing billows; presently the puffersufferers on

board saw, to their amazement, that they

were throwing bombshells at the ship,

and they wondered that they could be so

inhuman as to undertake to kill them off

with bombshells; but soon one reached

the deck, and to their joy and surprise,

they found a rope attached to it, and one

end made fast to a tree on shore; and

they made the other end fast to the top of

the main-mast, and then making fast

another rope to the deck, which was sent

to them in the same way, they let down

the life-boat, took hold of the rope, and

in that way pulled themselves over the

raging billows, till they were safely land-

ed on shore. Now, why is it that sin-

ners are so opposed to have truth pre-

sented in such a manner, as they will

feel its force, and yield themselves up to

its convictions, though it be clothed in a

manner not the most pleasing to the car-

nal heart? I have used that language in

my discourses, and those figures, which I

considered the best adapted to carry the

truth home to their consciences; and will

you disregard the truths of the living God

on account of the shell that contains

them? The dreadful tempest is raging

around you, and the ship, fitted up to

be a harbor of refuge, is being wrecked

on the rocks of eternal fire, in liable every

moment to be dashed on the dark moun-

tains of death, and the cargo, which cost

the Captain of your salvation his life, is

in danger of being swallowed up in the

fiery billows that roll around you. And

when I see MY MASTER'S vessel, with the

priceless cargo on board, liable to be

ingulfed in the abyss of sin, I must obey

my commission, and cry out, "Ship ahoy!

there are breakers ahead!" "Trim sail!"

and "lay" for the star of Bethlehem;

"reef the topsail!" of vanity—"take in the

main-sail!" of sin, and lay "hard to" the

promised land, or you will be dashed

eternally on the rocks of Atheism and

Infidelity. This, sinner, is what I am

commissioned to do, and I am not at

liberty to turn to the right hand or to the

left, till I have by some means arrested

your attention, and made you sensible of

imminent danger. I must do it, though

for the time you may deride, and perse-

cute, and laugh me to scorn; it is no

worse treatment than my Master received

on earth; it is no worse than you treat

him now; and 'the servant is not greater

than his Lord;' (John 15: 20);

'nor he that is sent greater than he that

sents him.' Now, because we have thrown

some bombshells, by which you might

catch hold of the silken cords of love that

God is extending to you, and thus be

drawn from this tempest-tossed world

of sin to heaven, you say we are treating

you very ill and uncivil, while we are

seeking your eternal salvation.

Boston Courier.

**Retrospection.**

"Thou shalt always have joy in the evening, if thou hast

spent the day well."

THOMAS A. KEMP.

When drawing toward the couch of rest,

With weary head and grateful breast,

If the bright trace of duty done

Gleamed on thee from the setting sun,

If ever winged hour that fled

Bore prayer and blessing on its head,

Then O'er the history of the day

Shall Memory send a blissful ray.

Each hour a glorious garment take,

And at his bidding, joy awake.

L. H. S.

**Affecting and Admirable.**

Hannah More, in a letter to her sister,

in 1782, relates the following interesting

incident:

"The other morning the captain of one

of Commodore Johnson's Dutch prizes

breakfasted at Sir Charles Middleton's,

and related the following little anecdote:

One day he went out of his own ship to

dine on board of another; while he was

there, a storm arose, which in a short

time made an entire wreck of his own

ship, to which it was impossible for him

to return. He had left on board two

little boys, one four and the other five

years old, under the care of a poor old

black servant. The people struggled to

get out of the sinking ship into a large

boat, and the poor black took his master's

two children, tied them into a bag and

putting in a little pot of sweetmeats

for them, along them across his should-

ers, and put them in the boat. The

boat by this time was quite full; the

black was stepping into it himself, but

was told by the master there was no

room for him; that either he or the

children must perish, for the weight of

both must sink the boat. The exalted,

heroic negro did not hesitate a moment.

"Very well," said he, "give my duty to

my master, and tell him I beg pardon for

all my faults," and then—guess the rest—

plunged to the bottom, never to rise

again, till the sea shall give up her dead.

I told it the other day to Lord Monboddo,

who fairly burst into tears. The great-

est lady in this land wants